

WEEKLY PROGRAMME.
Ships Visited Daily.

Sunday—Institute open at 2:30 p. m. 6 p. m., Tea in Institute for all Seamen; 7 p. m., Evening Service.

Monday—Open evening, writing letters, etc.

Tuesday—Games, tournaments, 8 p. m.

Wednesday—To be arranged.

Thursday—Concert, 8 p. m.

Friday—Free evening.

Saturday—Social evening, 8 p. m.; tea at 8:30 p. m.

Refreshments any evening if desired 5c.

Any further information of the work will gladly be given by Mr. Everton, at the Institute.

Hours—9:30 to 12 a. m.; 6:30 to 10 p. m.

523

St. Luke 2:10.

Will the person who receives one of these letters pray earnestly that God will abundantly bless the work of the missionaries and by His Divine Grace raise up men to go and proclaim the tidings of Christ's love to those in darkness. Pray that the chain of prayers may not be broken until 1000 is reached and the supply and desire be fulfilled.

Please write two copies of his without delay, putting the numbers following the one at the top of this letter on each one until the number 1000 is reached.

Send a copy to two friends whom you can trust to fulfill its conditions.

If you cannot do this, please return at once, as this is the only way to keep the chain unbroken.

M. J. DAVIS.

They never thank their Heavenly Father for their food or, even cross the knife and fork on putting it down.

A. D. 1903.

That was not all. The shopkeepers sold often for a mere shaving of profit, seeming determined to sacrifice the goods rather than not to keep the ball a-rolling. It was a merry time for those who had but little to spend, found politeness and good-will in every shop and went home happy with their bundles sav-

ing what fine bargains they had made. There were never like holidays known in the town. At night there was a blaze of light up and down the streets, the weather was glorious with not a drop of rain to mar the joy and thousands were on the street in happiest vein, singing and whistling until a late hour. The flower-women reaped a harvest too and were content. It was a year long to be remembered. To think how depressed business had been for a matter of two years, and then to see the business men resolve that the community should have a real happy holiday. Their stores were things of beauty—one vying with another in "dressing up." The city was a poet's dream of the more sensible sort and if a man had only tin pans to offer he made them look attractive, and people began to think—"didn't they want a few tin pans at home?" Oh, it was a grand time—and we just hated to go home to supper. We wished we could bring all Massachusetts to Hawaii for Christmas; for they have no more idea of the magnificence of the winter here—and there was never a finer than this—than they have of the moon. Fact.

And we said we believed everybody in Honolulu had a piece of Christmas joy—indeed a good big bite. Why, beautiful cups were sold for 10 cents and take your choice. We bought a lovely little basket for 5 cents and a bureau for 25! We bought a Swiss chalet, made of tin, embossed figures on it of design, with a tiny key which opened half the roof, and a slit in the other half, to slip in our savings this year, and given now how much we were asked for that beauty? As it was only 5 cents we resolved to keep clear of debt. Honolulu's good place. Come to see us, all creation.

Oh how cheap things were! Handkerchiefs and muslins and laces and ribbons and shoes for a few dimes, and tops and marbles thrown in. Never did we see things going so cheap and everybody caught the fever for buying. The business looked up and goods were marked down from day to day. The grand *finale* came on New Year's Eve when Honolulu was like Rome at Carnival time. When the clock struck 12 m., a mighty roar went up from the crowds on the street, the ringing of bells, the shrieking of whistles, the hand-

shakes and the happiness to think of the New Year 1903 and a prospect of good things.

Our brave little community, so generous and so hopeful!

With a man such as Mr. Roosevelt is we do not believe that this little country so brave and so self-helpful is going to be made to suffer for comfort and for a strong hand to help in our present business crisis; we do not believe the grass will grow in our dear little streets or that the hearts of the brave and the true shall be broken with rudeness and repulse, after the long struggle to keep afloat. We do not believe that the keen, clever statesmen at Washington will put lions in our path or even wolves. They will not credit the bogie stories that we are stealers of land or cruel to Chinamen. Never were the Chinese poorly paid as a rule—never was land stolen from the natives, as a rule. Never, sir. We wish that we could locate that tract of land "that we bought for a few nails!" We wish we could nail every *lie* that has been told about Hawaii.

HAWAII NEI.

When the last good-bye has been spoken,
And the eye been dried of its tears,
When the ship from the land is stealing—
With its freightage of hopes and fears—
The scent of the flowers comes drifting,
Holding the heart a-fast,
And the strains of "Aloha Oe"
Wake memories of the past.

In the rush of a Mainland city,
A face in the surging throng,
Or the spell of a blossom's fragrance,
Or the words of a plaintive song—
And the scenes that were loved and present.

As once on a tropic day,
And reborn the flowers and faces
And songs of Hawaii nei.

Wherever the foot may wander,
In passage around the earth,

Wherever the ear be greeted
With music or song or mirth,
Wherever a garland's incense
Or a bright eye glads the way,
The heart will return to its old love—

Hawaii—Hawaii nei.

H. M. AYRES.